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A Tale of the Old New England Frontier.

Cy G. WALDO PROWNE.

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devil, as it had been described, the wonish demon brought the stock of a gun to
its shoulder. For a moment the ominous
muzzle swept the excited throng, until it
had selected its victim, when the sharp re
port of the weapon was swiftly succeeded
by the death-cry of one of the bravest of
the St. Francis warriors

by the death-cry of one of the bravest of the St. Francis warriors.

Wild yells now rang on the air from the Indians, but the French soldiers, less dis-concerted by the terrible sight, seized their handy firearms, to pour a volley of bul-lets upon the dread slayer. Whether any of these shots took effect could not be told. It was certain the creature was seen a

It was certain the creature was seen a moment after the smoke had cleared away, still erect, and glowering upon them. The next moment, with another wolfish laugh, it vanished into the night.

Its disappearance the signal for the Indians to act, they rushed out to seek the terrible slayer. But no trace of their enemy could be found, look where they would, and finally they gave up the search with dire forebodings. The joy of the feast had fled, and in place of the dance and merry-making were their wails of lamentations over the fate of their comrade.

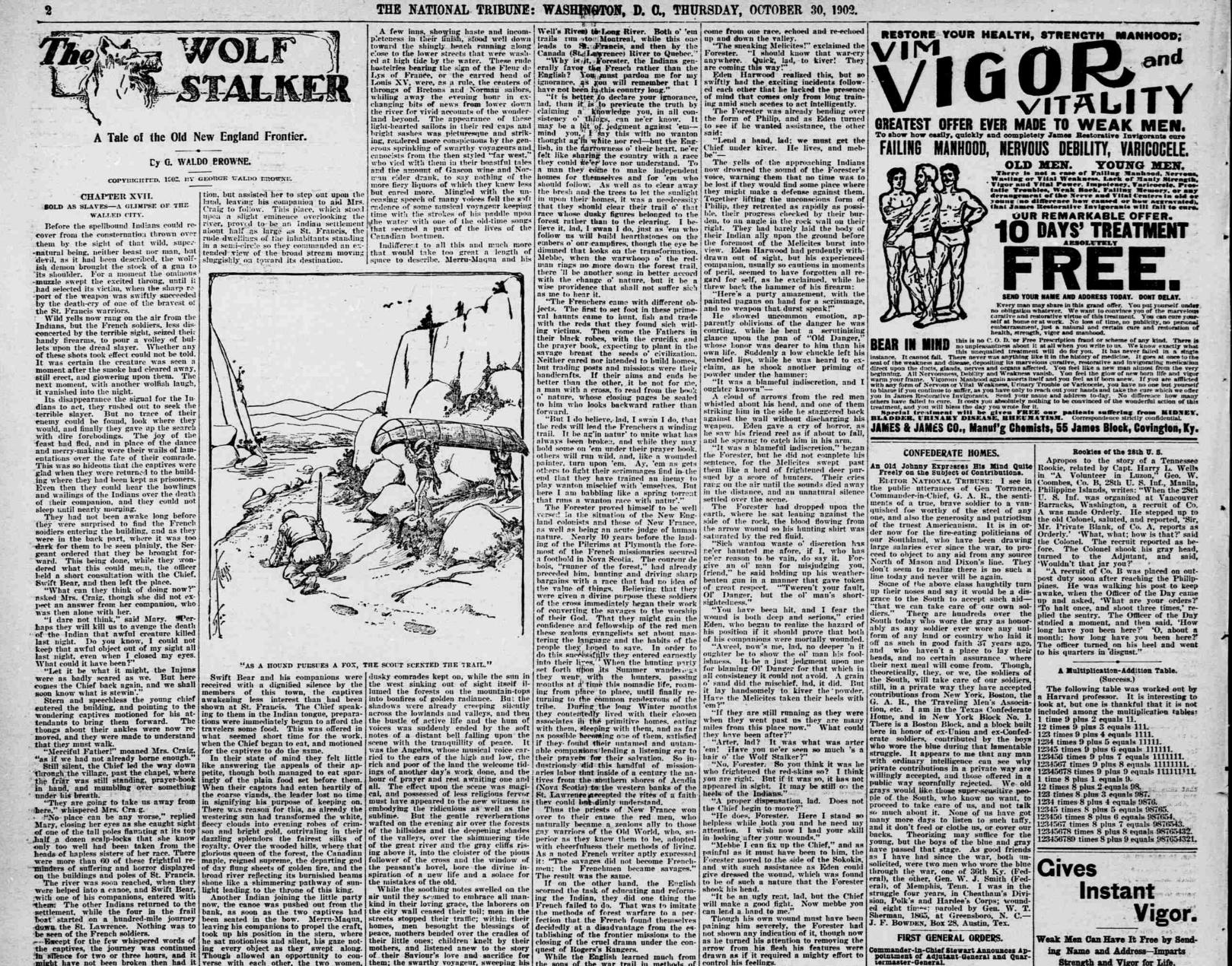
garac better."
"Are we going there now?"
This time he shook his head without any

CHAPTER XVII.

BOLD AS SLAVES—A GLIMPSE OF THE WALLED CITY.

Before the spellbound Indians could recover from the consternation thrown over them by the sight of that wild, supermatural being, neither beast nor man, but devil, as it had been described, the wolfish demon brought the stock of a gun to man brought the stock of a gun to more fiery liquors of which they knew less but cared more. Mingled with the uncashing speech of many voices fell the soft calcium, the stock of a limit as standing the viver, proved to be an Indian settlement along the water with one of the old-time songs that we with one of the lives of the rade dwellings of the inhabitants standing in a semi-circle so they commanded an extended view of the broad stream moving shuggishly on toward its destination.

Indifferent to all this and much more that would take too great a length of space to describe. Merru-Magua and his



half a dozen scalp-locks that she know only too well had been taken from the heads of hapless sisters of her race. There were more than 60 of these frightful reminders of suffering and borror displayed on the buildings and poles of St. Francis. The river was soon reached, when they were helped into a cance, and Swift Bear, with one of his companions, entered with them. The other Indians returned to the settlement, while the four in the frail boat started on a hundred-mile journey down the St. Lawrence. Nothing was to be seen of the French soldiers.

Except for the few whispered words of the captives, the journey was continued in stience for two or three hours, and it might have not been broken then had it not been for an accident. Mary Shepley, in leasing over the side of the cance, while she had kept with her so choice, when its slipped from its resting place and fell into the water.

She gave a cry of dismay, and so great was her grief at its loss she seemed about to spring overboard after it, as useless as such an act would have been. But Merru-Maqua was equal to the emergency, and saying in broken English:

"Pale-face wait; tae get it," and before she was scarcely aware of it he had reached out into the stream and caught the tiny object just as it was being sucked down into the current where it must have been lost.

With a gravity worthy of his dignity as a chieftain he was about to hand it to her, when something about it seemed to have caught his attention, and an exclamation in the Indian tongue escaped his lips. Then he said in English:

"Some toy the pale face keeps?"

"You speak English!" she exclaimed in rountarily. "I am so glad," though she could not have given any reason for this thought.

"A little," he replied, handing her the wooden ladle, without insisting on a reply to his question. "Pick up some from whites that come to Sagarac." "A little," he replied, handing her the wooden ladle, without insisting on a reply to his question. "Pick up some from whites that come to Sagarac."
"Something tells me you are not Indian born."

He shook his head, which may not have been intended for a reply, as he quickly eliminating in the dying sunlight like as the content of the

He shook his head, which may not have been intended for a reply, as he quickly said:

"Me good Injun; big Chief at Sagarac."
"Your home is not at St. Francis?"
Again he shook his head, adding this time:

"Not all good Injuns there. Like Sagarac better."

"Not all good Injuns there Like Sagarac better."

"It is the river widened into a broad bay glimmering in the dying sunlight like a huge silver shield laid on the bosom of the landscape, just below where it encircled with its mighty arm the group of the lofty Laurentides, lifting their bare foreheads high above the grand old river, with vistas of virgin forests clothing hill-side and vale in the glorious raiment of the northlands.

"Not all good Injuns there. Like Se, which and good Injuns there. Like Se, which and the proposed of the propo

kind in their loving grace, the laborers on the city wall ceased their toil; men in the streets stopped their traffic; within their homes, men besonght the blessings of peace, mothers bended over the cradles of their little ones; children knelt by their mothers, and listened anew to the story of their Saviour's love and sacrifice for them; the swarthy voyageur, sweeping his canoe swiftly along the stream, suddenly rested on his oars, while he bent a listening ear; away in the dim aisle of the forest, the wild Huron allowed the fugitive deer a breathing spell, while he, too, repeated the blessed words on the lips of all the others, finding in them faith and strength for renewed life.

Not least moved among the many who

forest, the wild Huron allowed the fugitive deer a breathing spell, while he, too, repeated the blessed words on the lips of all the others, finding in them faith and strength for renewed life.

Not least moved among the many who in silent, though fervent, adoration of the saving grace of God was Merru-Maqua, who sat with bowed head until the last chime had died away in the distance. To the captives the sweet intonations of the stern reality of their situation was soon brought back to them, as their dusky captors turned the prow of the canoe in toward the left bank, where could be seen a small party of men apparently awaiting their coming.

The forest, the wild Huron allowed the fugitive deer a breathing spell, while he, too, repeated the blessed words and not leave one of their safety or lack of caution accounts for some of the escapes of the carlier captives carried off by them. It is very doubtful if the daring deed performed by Hannah Dustin could have been accomplished 50 years later.

A little past midday our trio reached the northern shore of the lake, and entered a narrow, lonely valley, with jagged rocks overhanging the trail, which was easily followed here by the sharp-eyed scouts.

Aware that they was very seldom that a party of red men caused one of their safety or lack of caution accounts for some of the escapes of the earlier captives carried off by them. It is very doubtful if the daring deed performed by Hannah Dustin could have been accomplished 50 years later.

A little past midday our trio reached the northern shore of the lake, and entered a northern shore of the lake and the lake and

their coming.
"Is this the end of our fearful jour-ney?" asked Mary Shepley "and what is in store for us now?"

CHAPER XVIII.

THE AMBUSH.

Leaving the captives in the hands of their enemies at Quebec, let us return to resume our description of the pursuit be-ing made by the Forester and his two com-

ing made by the Forester and his two com-panions, whom it will be understood were but a few days behind the others. If unpleasant memories of the shooting stars lingered in the mind of Taconica when he arose from his simple couch the following morning, he appeared as cheer-ful as usual. Philip had apparently slept while his friends had been witnesses of while his friends had been witnesses of the aerial display, so no mention was made of the matter to him. The day promised to be one of exceptional Autumn beauty, and as Eden Harwood looked out from

to him who looks backward rather than forward.

"But I do believe, lad, I swan I do, that the reds will lead the Frenchers a winding trail. It be ag'in natur' to unite what has always been broken, and while they may hold some on 'em under their prayer book, others will run wild, and, like a wounded painter, turn upon 'em. Ay, 'em as gets others to fight their scrimmages find in-the end that they have trained an inemy to play wanton mischief with 'emselves. But here I am babbling like a spring torreat that runs a wanton race with natur."

The Forester proved himself to be well verse! I at he situation of the New England colonists and those of New France, as well as being an acute judge of human mature. Nearly 10 years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth the foremost of the French missionaries secured a foothold in Nova Scotia. The coureur de bois, "runner of the forest," had already preceded him, hunting and driving sharp bargains with a race that had no idea of the value of things. Believing that they were given a divine purpose these soldiers of the cross immediately began their work of converting the savages to the worship of their God. That they might gain the confidence and fellowship of the red men these zealous evangelists set about mastering the language and the habits of the prople they loped to save. In order to

followed here by the sharp-eyed scouts.

Aware that they were in the enemy's country, and it was believed getting close upon the heels of those they were pursuing with such unflinching zeal, the Forester and the Sokokis moved with extreme caution, the first leading the way, with his firearm constantly in hand, while his companions followed close behind him with the canoe. As a hound pursues a fox the white scout scented the trail of his mortal enemies, catching here and there some trace by which he was enabled to advance almost with unbroken pace.

Finally, in a deep gorge where the trail wound along the bank of a small stream, he suddenly paused, and pointed to the

of and as Eden Harwood looked out from their covert under the forest over the smooth waters of the lake, and noted the tranquillity which lay on the scene, le could not refrain from saying:

"How still the woods are, as if we were the only living creatures in the world."

"Ay, lad," replied the Forester, in his semi-personal way, "there may be what you call a stillness abiding with the woods, a but to him who has ears to hear sich there be rare music in this song o' silence. Mind you, there be no discordant note, nor tune-lies sounds that hint o' unrest. We ought to trail well on toward St. Francis today, "Taconica speaks words of wisdom," replied the Sokokis.

Realizing the value of an early start, the three were affoat in their canoe before the first rays of the sun had cleared the there were affoat in their canoe before the first rays of the sun had cleared the there were affoat in their canoe before the first rays of the sun had cleared the tranquillity bade him adieu, while they started forward toward St. Francis.

"Wolf devil!"

The words had barely left the lips of the Chief before his companion raised his long gun to his shoulder, while his eye ran along its barrel. Scarcely had been procured, the others re luctantly bade him adieu, while they started forward toward St. Francis.

(To be continued.)

Will You

Write a Postal

Write a Postal

To Get Well?

Send me no money—simply a postal is to trail the book you need.

Or tell me a friend who needs one. I will then mail an order—good at any stock to his shoulder took hasty aim at the tall, ungainly figure silhouetted against the tall, ungainly figure silhouetted against the sky from a jutting arm of recl.

but trading posts and missions were their handlerafts. If their aims and ends be better than the other, it be not for me, a man with a cross, to read from the book o' nature, whose closing pages be scaled to him who looks backward rather than forward.

"It was a blameful indiscretion, and I oughter known"—

A cloud of arrows from the red men whistled about his head, and one of them striking him in the side he staggered back to wall without discharging his

painful as it must have been to him, the Forester moved to the side of the Sokokis, and with such assistance as Eden could give dressed the wound, which was found to be of such a nature that the Forester shook his head.

"It be an ugly rent, lad, but the Chief will make a good fight. Now mebbe you can lend a hand to me."

Though his own wound must have been paining him severely, the Forester had not shown any indication of it, though now as he turned his attention to removing the arrow from his flesh his features were drawn as if it required a mighty effort to control his feelings.

control his feelings.

"It be too far back for me to work well, lad. It must be your trail to follow. Ne'er the cutting o' a bit o' flesh, lad, but be keerful and pull the Melicite token out

be keerful and pull the Melicite token out straight."

Eden •Harwood felt his hand tremble in spite of himself, as he began his task, but working under the direction of his companion he finally had the satisfaction of having removed the offending shaft. Then he washed out the wound, wiped it gently with lint, and bound about it a bandage. This accomplished, the Forester declared himself well pleased with the result.

The situation of the three proved more serious than Eden Harwood had at first anticipated. Though Philip rallied enough to speak to his companion, the Forester de-clared that it would be weeks before he would be able to be moved. As to him-self, it began to look so it would be sev-eral days before he could resume the trail. with such unflinching zeal, the Forester and the Sokokis moved with extreme caution, the first leading the way, with his firearm constantly in hand, while his companions followed close behind him with the canoe. As a hound pursues a fox the white scout scented the trail of his mortal enemies, catching here and there some trace by which he was enabled to advance almost with unbroken pace.

Finally, in a deep gorge where the trail wound along the bank of a small stream, he suddenly paused, and pointed to the ground where the soft earth showed two or three tracks that appeared like a more casined foot, nor yet the track of a wild animal.

Philip's eye swiftly followed the direction pointed out, and no sooner had he caught sight of the print than he said in a low, deep tone:

"Wolf devil?"

The words hard barely left the lips of

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Commander-in-Chief Stewart Announces Ap-pointment of Adjutant-General and Quar-termaster-General.

General Orders No. 1.

Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic, Independence Hall.

Philadelphia, October 9, 1902.

Having been elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Hepublic by the 36th National Encampment, held at Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1902, and duly installed in office, I hereby assume command.

command.

The prompt and acceptable discharge of

The prompt and acceptable discharge of the duties imposed upon the Commander-in-Chief shall command my best effort. The active aid and co-operation of every comrade in the organization is invoked, to the end that the Grand Army of the Republic shall continue to encourage patriotism and love of country, shall keep alive and strong the fraternal ties of comradeship, and thus by individual earnestness and activity be a power for good in the land, and be helpful to those of our comrades who may need and are entitled comrades who may need and are entitled to our aid and encouragement.

Our Order stands unmatched among fraternal or patriotic organizations. The

traternal or patriotic organizations. The men composing it are part of the great host that saved the Nation. Let the glory of that achievement keep us true to the principles we cherish, to the duties devolving upon us, and lead us to do in sincerity and confidence all things that shall contribute to the strength, the honor and the advancement of the Grand Army of the Republic. There is work for every comrade.

Cholly.—I nevah see such a queer girl.
While I was calling there the other evening she made me pet her dog and awsked me if I didn't want to kiss the beast.

Miss Pepprey.—The idea! Perhaps she doesn't know that you smoke cigarettes.

Gallstones and permanent error samples and permanent error samples and permanent error samples and permanent error samples and permanent error. No surgical operation required by w. C. PAYNE, Marshalltowa, Iowa.

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Feels so Good to be My Old Self Again."

of that achievement keep us true to the principles we cherish, to the duties depolicing upon us, and lead us to do in sincerity and confidence all things that shall contribute to the strength, the honor and the advancement of the Grand Army of the Republic. There is work for every comrade.

The following appointments are hereby announced:

To be Adjutant-General, John W. Schall (Post No. 11, Department of Pennsylvania), Norristown, Pa.

To be Quartermaster-General, Charles Burrows (Post No. 28, Department of New Jersey), Runac-ford, N. J.

Headquarters are re-established in Independence Hall, southwest corner Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., where all communications for the consideration or information of the Commander in-Chief will be sent, addressed to the Adjutant-General.

Comrade J. Henry Holcomb (Post No. 51, Department of Pennsylvania), is hereby assigned to duty at Headquarters as Assistant Adjutant-General.



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